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Mary Fenollosa's "Honeymoon" Journals to Japan, 1896 : (2) French and Italian Interludes

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Mary Fenollosa's "Honeymoon" Journals to Japan, 1896: (2) French and Italian Interludes

Edited by Akiko Murakata

Preface

Earlier this year I have published the opening section of Mary Fenollosa's "Journals, No. 1: From London to Paris, 1896" as "(1) Preparations, New York, 24 March: English Notes" with my Japanese translation (*Lotus* 14 [The Fenollosa Society of Japan], March, 1994, pp. 11-23) in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Winslow, the author's granddaughter who passed away in May, 1993. It should have been entitled "London Stopover" or "Overture", as the section only contained the eve of departure list of what to take on her honeymoon journey from New York to Japan via Europe, Egypt, Aden, Colombo, and Southeast Asia. The piece also included a brief account of their transatlantic voyage and a day of sight-seeing in London.

A brief biographical introduction of Mary McNeil Fenollosa (1865-1954) has been given in my earlier article for the *Review*.¹ Raised in the proud poverty of a Mobile, Alabama family whose fortunes were damaged by the Civil War, she inherited the beauty and untamed spirit of her mother. Here it will suffice to say that by the time she met Ernest F. Fenollosa (1853-1908), Mary had been widowed by her first husband

and was separated from the second, with a child by each. She had spent two years in Japan with her second husband, W. Ledyard Scott, who taught at Zoshikan, Kagoshima, 1890-92. Mary M. Scott applied for the position of assistant to the curator of the Japanese Department, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, while writing for newspapers in Mobile and New Orleans in 1894. Fenollosa divorced his first wife Lizzy to marry his new assistant in 1895, subsequently resigning from his post. Ostracized by Boston society, the Fenollosas now sought shelter and new opportunities in the faraway haven of Japan.

The charm of this record of their European interlude, at least to a Japanese reader, lies in the glimpses of Japan superposed on occidental scenes as idealized, pictorial, or in ironical comparisons: "Painted, un-human *Joros* walked around in the foyer & concert hall, trying to entrap men" (Folies Bergère); "Little *chozuba* along all the streets" (Paris); "We crossed the Rhone, not unlike some of the wide, shallow Japanese rivers: streaks of water and gravel"; "One stupendous effect E. got out at station to get a clearer look at. Said it was like Sesshu" (near Modane); "Between Turin & Milan country became ever richer. Irrigation by beautiful little canals. Saw rice-fields, but they were cold, flat, mathematical, beside those of the Japanese. Peasants working barelegged in the slush, much like J."; "Approaching the thriving little town of Brescia, we had exquisite view of the Lago de Garda, azure blue, with a little peninsular like Enoshima jutting out into it, and the white Alps towering beyond"; "On grand canal [Venice] went into a glass mosaic factory, saw dear little girls putting in bits of glass with long slim pincers. Reminded me of Kioto and cloisonne ware"; "Picturesque peasant girls in fields, white cloth on head—one group strangely like Kiyonaga" (near Aparanisi);

"Most beautiful scene [overlooking Vesuvius] in the whole world, next to Fuji. Reminded me strongly of drive about bay of Kagoshima, with Sakurajima for V."

The Fenollosas landed at Le Havre on 17 April and stayed in Paris till 11 May. We learn of their business contacts with M. [Ker-Xavier?] Roussel, M. [Samuel] Bing, and Oishi, Count OKUMA [Shigenobu]'s secretary ("E. & I lunched once with M. Bing & saw some of his prints — charming, elegant apartments filled up with Japanese works of art"; "we both dressed to go to M. Bing's to luncheon. Had a charming little lunch, met Oishi there, & talked of Japan. B. sceptical, but interested. O. invited us to visit him at Count Okuma's"). They help the New York art dealer [William H.] Ketcham buy "home presents" and select gifts for their mutual business friend KOBAYASHI Bunshichi and his wife in Tokyo. How some women relish shopping!

Fenollosa summed up their museum visits in his "Ode on Reincarnation" conceived during their sojourn in Kyoto in the summer of 1896 and composed in Tokyo the following June: "The treasures of European galleries undid their crowns for her". We watch his responses to European masters through Mary's eyes: "Lastly went to basement to study the great collection of Turner's water colors & sketches in pencil, sepia, color, and ink. Ernest quite cried" (National Gallery, London); "We have been to the Louvre several times and marveled before the great winged Victory. I adore, too, the Venus of Milo, though E. does not consider it supreme art"; "A Madonna with weeping mother and dead child by Bouguereau that Ernest says I shouldn't admire" (Luxembourg); "The busts of three bishops in a row, Ernest & I mentally detached & copied for their beautiful heads and the contrasting colors of their light hued

robes" (Cappella de Niccolo V); "Raphael's Transfiguration, his coronation of the Virgin, with empty tomb below, painted in the Perugino manner, & one which Ernest considers probably the finest of his works". Fenollosa's long article, "The French Salon of 1896", *The Lotos*, I, 5 (September, 1896) was a joint product.

Flowers was another of her passions: "I have never seen quite as many and as glorious wild flowers in any one place. There were many I did not know at all, blue, pink, yellow, and red — some little fringy white & yellow tassels, particolored — pink eglantine-like roses on dusty shrubs, a sort of thistly-spike like blue fire-works, a shrub like milkweed, in great thick lilac-shaped clusters of pink, three different shades, one, very pale pink like apple blossoms, another more intense & a third nearly crimson; [...] of those that I knew were, little white rose vines, such as grow in Japan, fig cactus, with yellowblossoms, climbing cactus, a sort of ice plant, with big magenta ones, pampas grass, century plants, broom, sweet-alyssum, little Napoleon daisy, taller daisy, sweet peas, poppies, pink dove lily, portulacea, millions of Mexican primroses, like pink morning glory — " (Pompeii). No wonder she made "A Calendar of Flowers" during the Fenollosas' later sojourn in Tokyo, begun 29 June, 1899.

There has been a revival, or an awakening, of interest in traveling women. Isabella L. Bird's *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* (London: John Murray, 1880), for example, a copy of which I am quite certain to have been in the Fenollosas' library, has been reprinted in the Virago/Beacon Travelers series (1984). "Our understanding of cultural interaction in the nineteenth century has to make a major shift if [...] we move from the male to the female 'orientalists, from the male academics who con-

structed the Orient as a domain of positivist scholarship, to the many intrepid female travellers from France and Britain in the nineteenth century, whose experience of the world outside of Europe was markedly different from that of their male counterparts."² What about the case of an American honeymooner with a passionate interest in, and commitment to, the culture of the Far East? Mary M. Fenollosa was a "new woman" who "had already been buffeted by the world enough to defeat a weaker, less talented woman"³ when she met her beloved, but dared the East with him in her crosscultural adventures in art, religion, literature, and daily experiences as a whole.

So here is a warm and imaginative record by a literary woman of almost a century ago, of her honeymoon journey with a prominent critic and historian of Eastern art en route to Japan through the Continent. They leave Paris on 11 May by "funny little Wagon-Lit" across the Alps for Milan and Venice. There is a whole lacuna of Florence (15-19 May) and Mary's "Journals, No. 2. Rome to Japan" opens on board P. & O. Steamship *Peninsular*, Mediterranean Sea, on 26 May, recounting their Roman holidays and sojourn at Castle-le-mare.

The dedication of my transcription in memory of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Winslow is continued with grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Caldwell Delaney, the honorary director of the City Museum, Mobile, Alabama, who made the copies of the manuscript journals available to me, and Mrs. Barry W. Fouts, the late Mrs. Winslow's daughter, who has allowed me to publish the first part of the journals.

NOTES

1. Akiko Murakata, " 'Yugiri O Kyaku San (The Guest who leaves with the Twilight)': The Fenollosas and Lafcadio Hearn", LXI (March, 1991), p. 57.
2. Norman Bryson, "After 'Orientalism' ", *Kindai Gasesu*, No. 2 (1993), p. 3.
3. Lawrence W. Chisolm, *Fenollosa: The Far East and American Culture* (New Haven and London: Yale Univ. Press, 1963), p. 120.

Mary Fenollosa, Journals No. 1 (continued)

Paris, April 18th/96

Have been here nearly two days, but owing to fatigue, discomfort of lodging and uncertainty, Paris has not yet been what I anticipated. I have seen little of it as yet. The crossing of the channel was quiet and uneventful — slept all night, got up at seven and dressed just in time to see the gray, green-spotted walls of Havre sea walls as we entered. Got a bite of bread & meal on board, then landed and took omnibus to R. R. depot.

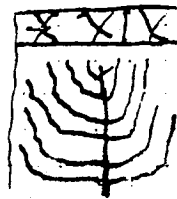
First streets dirty, narrow, and crooked. French signs looked queer. Saw only worst of Havre. Got to depot & secured splendid 1st class coach to ourselves. The trip up to Paris perfectly delightful. Passed first through Normandy. Early spring. The fields covered with young green, not the trees still bare. Curious formation of trees — tall thin uncertain trunks with clumps of bush at top, and feathery parasitic vines, colored dark red, waving at intervals along its length. At first houses roofed with slate. Farther into country many thatched with straw, yet complex in shape, with ridges, tiny hooded windows. Long gentle slopes of hills with

sometimes a glimpse of blue distance beyond. Again quite level fields. All along, these were cut and checkered with little sylvan domains; a group of farm buildings enclosed in a rectangle of these tall thin trees stuck close together like a row of pea sticks sometimes as many as five or six houses in an enclosure, with apple orchard, vegetable garden & poultry yard, all enclosed. This gave me great delight. No spring leaves out on the tall "fence" trees, only mossy and vine tufted trunks, with a gray blue haze of twigs along the top. The colors of thatched roofs fine. Blotches of green moss, ridges of lily leaves. Little detached vegetable gardens with rows of flowers in between.



Saw a Millet sower in field, with flock of crows following him. In blue mist of bare tree limbs, clumps of black crow nests. On wilder slopes of hills, great patches of wild flowers, a pale yellow like prim-roses, and a white briar in full bloom. Wanted to get out. In one level field a line of cows grazing or lying just at edge of young green which they were eating gradually & completely, as one rolls up a long rug.

Against the southern walls of the plaster farm houses, were espaliers of pear trees in full bloom. The outlines like fishbones, or feathers. Effect perfectly charming. Great square hay ricks, chickens scratching above edges. Little hedges dividing



portions of garden.

Many little sheaves bordered with willows, sometimes cruelly cut into mere clubs, other times left with a great handful of switches now wrapped in pale green gauze. One field full of dandelions. Funny little orchards of stunted pear trees in full bloom.

Nearing Rouen, villages became more frequent. Tiled roofs sometimes red. One group of roofs was a study of low toned mosaics, plum color, dark red, olive, gray and neutral. Beautiful.

Crossed river, and went into succession of hideous tunnels. Emerged upon glorious view of Rouen. Cathedral darker and smaller than I had imagined. View crossing river enchanting. To think that before that Cathedral Jean [ne] D'Arc's fair body knew the unutterable torment of death by fire. No wonder that the cathedral is dark! It seemed strange to realize such a horror with the sunshine and peace of the scene as I looked upon it.

From Rouen to Paris practically one large village. No more little sylvan monarchies. Instead of hedges the gardens were surrounded & divided with gray plastered walls like a game of dominoes set up on edge. Peach & pear trees covered them like a new strange species of cactus. Individual pear trees left to grow, were larger & more profusely in bloom than the quaint stunted ones of Normandy. Houses were taller, and more were of brick and stone than plaster. Espaliers everywhere. Norman churches at intervals and once I caught sight of a wayside shrine, a white crucifix in bas-relief. Roads beautifully kept. One row of trees chopped down on top like a hedge. Ugly. First glimpse of Paris the Eiffel tower, like the ghost of a lighthouse above that dangerous sea of intoxicating pleasures.

Houses still more pretentious — Swiss Chalet effects. Restaurant signs and advertisements appear. Little villas with arbors, white apple trees, and blossoming lilacs. Soon in Paris itself, at the Gare St Lazare.

Paris, April 19th/96, Sunday

Met at depot by M. Roussel who was great help with the custom house officers. Had no trouble. Got into cab with all of baggage & drove to Dominici Hotel. Very tired. Clerk had only one room left, one on the ground, opening directly on the damp cold court yard. Ernest apprehensive and cast down. Talked & argued, but to no avail. E. worried and unlike himself. Went out & got lunch at Duvals. Both tired and sad. Took cab and drove to other coupon Hotels, but were not pleased. Finally, in despair took expensive room for the night at the "Grand". Went back to Dominici for hand luggage and to eat dinner. Dining room roofed with glass, cold & damp. Went to room, replenished wood fire and waited for M. Roussel. After his visit drove to Grand. Both sick and tired. I was "*akai*". Room cold, but got to bed soon and slept well.

Had breakfast in room — coffee, tea, rolls, and 4 eggs, nearly raw. Went to Cook's to get money. Returned to Dominici to see if we could get settled in good room. Could do nothing until Monday. I went to Cook's alone. Clerk advised me to apply at Hotel Lille d'Albion. Went to Grand for Ernest. Came to l. A[l]bion, and got room we are now in, quite cheerful & nice. E. satisfied. Ate lunch again at Duvals, & spent that afternoon setting with other hotels and getting baggage here. Ate dinner at 6.30. Good dinner. Spirits revived. Decided to take stroll on street. E. got some beer. I broke down. Came home in cab, both slept

badly and I have been feeling very miserable all day. Went to Lion Restaurant for lunch, then took a peep at Louvre, but I was too sick to really appreciate anything. My throat was dry and sore, my legs ached and I seemed to carry with me an atmosphere of distorted light and sound rays, that distracted me, and shut me off from the rest of the world, even Ernest. Was glad to get home & lie down.

E. went off at one o'clock with M. Roussel to see some prints and I stayed home to rest and try to gain a little strength. It is now 4.30 and he may not be here until six. I am lonely, but the rest is good. I am possessed with a feeling of unreality. I seem confined in a medium of distorted glass. (This is the end of my journal up to the hour 4.35 P. M. Sunday, April 19th 1896.)

Tuesday Night, April 28th/96

It seems strange that I have neglected for so long all record of my doings in gay Paris. I can scarcely get myself back to a realization of my feelings on the 19th the last date of entry; only I can say that the peculiar dazed feeling wore off in a few days and I became myself again. Tonight is the first night Ernest has been away from me. He went out a few moments ago, about 8.15 with Ketcham and Roussel to see somebody's collection of Japanese prints; and I shall endeavor to utilize my loneliness by catching up a little on these notes. We have remained contentedly in our room, No. 84 at Lille d'Albion ever since first taking it. It is a wholesome, good, reasonable hotel.

We have done very little of the gay sightseeing that most Americans look forward to in Paris, and have been to no theatre or opera at all.

One night we walked out and went up the Boulevard des Capuchins and des Italiens to see the crowd sitting at the little round tables on the sidewalk and drinking various drinks. We sat down to be in the style, and ordered some "bock". It was black and nasty, made Ernest sick; & got a chill, and we came home miserable and disgusted, and haven't been out at night since then until last night, which I shall describe later.

We have been to the Louvre several times and marveled before the great winged Victory. I adore, too, the Venus of Milo, though E. does not consider it supreme art. In the magnificent picture gallery, I loved the large Fra Angelico, and the beautiful Madonna of Botticelli. The great Reubens, Van Dykes and Titians & Veronese, even the Raphaels did not impress me very deeply. There were two early Raphaels, however, that I loved. Da Vinci's La Gioconda, and his Virgin in the lap of St Anne, remain in my soul. The strange, filmy, yellow, mystic light of the faces, the wonderful vagueness of the blue, rocky distances, fill me with reveries. Of the French schools, I loved Greuze's soft, childlike faces, and in modern art, marveled at some of the splendid productions. I can't recall the names now, except those of Corot, Rousseau, & Millet, but there were others that I liked.

Scheffer, in spite of over-decorative effect, is striking. The Louvre itself, as an historical building, is full of interest. The few crown jewels, and Napoleon's sword, with hilt encrusted with diamonds, are in a glass case in centre of main salon. The grounds about the Louvre, at this time of year, are most lovely. The grass has its spring freshness, the trees are spreading a thousand little green fans, and the white and purple lilacs fill the place with color & sweetness.

Our fullest and most splendid day was a week ago. On last Tuesday,

when we took an excursion through St. Cloud to Versailles & back through Sevres to Paris. I wish I could record impressions here not merely guide book facts, but perhaps the memories of that day will return to me with these notes, as I will them.

The day was perfect. We drove out to the Arc de Triumph, along the Bois de Boulogne till we reached a Park, quite wild in places. Saw a cascade, artificial rocks, and water splits into six or seven little streams. Not much. Drove along road by Seine. Saw poplars in spring foliage, and little river-boats, shuttle-shaped, covered with advertisements, and with funny little vases on posts of upper deck, holding growing plants.

Crossed fine bridge to St. Cloud. Had to walk up hill. Passed barracks — dirty soldiers with baggy red trousers. Saw site of palace at St. Cloud, where Napoleon once received deputies who offered him crown of France. Went up stone steps to terraced garden overlooking fine view of Paris. Here Napoleon used to walk and meditate for hours. Ernest strongly moved. The city a great panorama under film of blue gauze distance. Black & gold dome of Hotel des Invalides where Napoleon is buried seems most noticeable of the many spires & domes. The garden beautiful. Trees and grass in early beauty. Lilac hedges. Blossoming plum and cherry trees. The grass starred with little white daisies. Picked two as mementos.

Found carriage on other side. Drove through funny little village, all high white & gray & tan walls, & reached Versailles, going first to the Trianon. This not very impressive in spite of its history. Seemed flat, and hard & square, with a hard glare upon it. Saw many mementos of Mad. Maintenant, M. Antoinette, Napoleon & Josephine. Saw bed where Josephine died. State carriages — gorgeous. Grandest thing of all, the Palace

at Versailles. The grounds with their 1000 fountains, Swiss lakes, trimmed trees, pebbled walks, terraces and artificial distances, different from anything in the world. The Palace, a great, grayish tan structure, the best specimen of French Renaissance architecture.

Within, magnificent decorations — gold carvings, mirrors, paneled ceilings; a perfect wealth of overdone decoration. Great museum now. Paintings from French History, with all Napoleon's battles. Some very fine. Apartments of Louis XIV — great bed of state. Saw balcony whereon poor M. Antoinette stepped to quell the rabble when the Commune stormed the palace, and door whereby she escaped, disguised as a washerwoman. Looked out on stone-paved court where the rabble once surged. Chapel at Versaille very fine — long cellar corridors full of statuary. Upstairs countless rooms opening into one another, each with immense historical paintings. Did not stop at Sevres. Reached hotel about six, tired but happy.

During other days of last week, E. & I lunched once with M. Bing¹ & saw some of his prints — charming, elegant apartments filled up with Japanese works of art. M. Bing nice to me. Been shopping a good many times. E. with me generally. Kind dear generous one, he insists upon my having beautiful things. Have bought several dresses, one a handsome green silk, two hats, beside silk stockings, petticoats, gloves, nice underwear, etc. etc. We lunch at Duval's, a cheap dainty cafe in sight of Louvre.

Sunday, that is, day before yesterday, had planned for the whole day with Ketcham & Roussel, but R. didn't turn up, so Ernest & I started off alone. Went to Notre-Dame — impressive exterior. Figures of saints across facades, and arching over 3 entrance doors, naive representations

of bible history in grey stone — devils, imps, angels, saints, etc. etc. Inside, not equal to Westminster Abbey because of a certain flatness of the ceiling. But splendid, nevertheless. Service being held. Grand organ. Light through stained glass windows. Ernest much impressed. Saw funeral wreath of Pasteur.

Next went to St. Chapelle. Perfect specimen of Gothic architecture colored inside. *Beautiful*. Ceiling ultramarine with gold stars. Everywhere as decorations fleur de lis and little Castilian castles. Floor paved with tombs of archbishops, inscriptions almost defaced by time. About walls pictures of martyrs. Stained glass windows gorgeous. Beautiful & holy place. Exterior with same quaint Gothic carvings; allegories — bible history. Took lunch & returned to hotel.

K. and R. came about two. Had difficulty getting large carriage. Finally took two voitures. Went to Hotel des Invalides. Great enormous palace — square courts, endless galleries, hospital & house for soldiers. Museum of war — ancient armor, weapons, cannon, etc. etc., offices & heaven knows what else. Chapel — below? chapel, the great domed edifice where N. lies. Enter a great cold marble hall. Circle of marble balustrade in centre, under dome. Sunk in this great red granite mausoleum on black marble pedestal. Figures of fame, France, etc. etc. standing about in attitudes of mourning & grief. In main body of domed chapel some of Napoleon's generals buried. Very imposing.

After this, we had the contrast of a visit to Eiffel Tower. Went to very summit. Had my profile made by a silhouette artist, like a fool. Cost 4 francs, & not good. Came home tired to death.

Yesterday (Monday), after rather late breakfast, went directly to Cook's to find out about our steamer ticket, time between the Italian

cities, etc. etc. To my joy, found some home mail awaiting us, the first I had had since I sailed, and a photo of darling blessed precious little Noshi,² giving however only a faint hint of the real quality of her little poet face. It saddened me, yet made me happy. Blessed little one!

We have about decided that one cannot wait over another Port Said steamer, as our very trunks are checked for the original dates around to Hong Kong. May have to rush through Italy with scarcely a stop, owing to delay in getting K's prints through the custom at Le Havre. Distracting! Went to Duval's for lunch & drove from there to M. Bing's, where we were to spend the afternoon, looking at prints. Enjoyed it, but it got tiresome. Strolled home, getting here just in time for dinner. Drank champagne at dinner. Went to my head. Got gay!

E. & I took a voiture, drove up Champs Elysée[s]; saw a decorated & brilliant house where a fete was being given for some Turkish & Russian ambassadors. Stopped in a 4th class open air concert & heard silly French girls & men sing silly songs. Angel Gabriel, coachman dude & gay girl song, and others. Came out, drove along Ble. Capuchins a little & came home. I was tired & exhausted. E. very vigorous.

This morning both half sick. I felt miserably. Did not get up till after 10. Took combination breakfast — lunch at Duval's. Drove to Bon Marché to finish shopping. Pretty well through all but trunk. Got E. some nice lounging shirts, flannel, silk, & percale, some socks, a straw hat, silk skull cap, & a splendid sun umbrella. Got me parasol, some more stockings, black alpaca traveling skirt, neckwear chemises, night gowns, and other things. Finished about 3.

Went to Louxembourg — a light April shower. Very tired. Saw first a gallery of rotten modern sculpture, then a larger room, with a few

choice, among the many pictures in it. A midday rest, by Bastien Lepage, with the same force as his wonderful Jean [ne] d'Arc at N. Y. though not as good; the Poor Fisherman by Chavannes, a wonderful luminous composition, in grays, with a great note of pink and a little thick blue. A brilliant landscape by Besnard, & some enormous canvases by artists I cannot remember.

In other rooms saw superb magnificent painting by Cazin, painted over and underglow of yellow. Subject Hag[ar] and Ishmael in the desert. A fine broad portrait of an old lady by Whistler; a Spanish dancer in yellow by Sargent. A Madonna with weeping mother and dead child by Bouguerreau that Ernest says I shouldn't admire, two small but stunning Besnards, a group of street urchins by M. Bashkirtseff, done with masculine strength, some other good ones I can't remember now, and lots & lots of simply vulgar sensuous, sensual naked women, such as I hate & the French love. After this we came home. I haven't been out since. As I began by saying, E. is out seeing a collection of prints. It is now 10, and I expect him every instant. I wish he would come, for I love him.

Tuesday April 28th

Sunday, May 3rd

Still in Paris. Owing to Ketcham trouble in getting prints through the custom house, and of showing them to dealers here, Ernest has decided to stay over another steamer. This will land us in Japan two weeks later.
Komarimasu!

But for the compensation of seeing the Salon, I could scarcely bear the disappointment. I am tired of Paris and long for Italy, Egypt, and

Japan. For two days we have spent most of our time looking at pictures — the Salon, the exhibit of the Ecole des beaux Art at the Champ de Mars, and a fearful "Independent Artist show", which we got into by mistake. Will not put many art notes of these in here, as I have made more copious ones outside, and also shall write them up for the *Lotos*.

Friday was a gala day for letters. A loving one from Lilian,³ saying that she expects to be in Paris about May 10th, a dear one from Mrs Hudson, one from Alan, Anne, & Mrs Boyce.⁴ Ernest got his decorations by express, and some mail. My shopping is pretty well finished. My last purchases were a pair of tan shoes, and a neat little brown straw traveling hat to go with my chucked dress.

Hotel de Lille, Sunday, May 10th

It is 12 o'clock, and we are sitting in our room waiting for the breakfast we have ordered up. Awfully lazy I know, but it has been a hard and busy week, and we needed the laziness and rest. Ernest had a good bath, our windows are open and delicious air and sunshine are streaming in, and we feel as gay as it is possible after a rushing week, and the effect of a most painful attack of rheumatism or gout, or something fierce that attacked me yesterday and last night. It reminded me of my crippled year when Alan was a baby. It was torture, but now, though the foot seems stiff and unnatural, the actual pain is gone.

These will be my last notes in Paris, for we are actually to be off tomorrow night, the tickets being secured, and sleeping berths engaged. I am glad for Paris, though growing daily more beautiful and alive, is wearisome and I feel that I have been here months, instead of three

weeks. I shall try and remember the principal events of the week backward, as that will be easier.

Yesterday we got up early, by seven, & Ernest was in the Champs de Mars to study the exhibit there and take notes for the *Lotos*, while I remain in my room packing, and getting things in order. I did take one tiny shopping pilgrimage, but all in sight of the hotel on the Rue St. Honore and bought E. two little traveling glasses in a cork lined leather case, 12 francs, and, myself a mirror for 10 francs.

About half past eleven E. returned, pale and tired, & we both dressed to go to M. Bing's to luncheon. Had a charming little lunch, met Oishi there, & talked of Japan. B. sceptical, but interested. O. invited us to visit him at Count Okuma's.

Leaving there, we took voiture by the hour, drove to Grand Hotel where E. was to see Ketcham for a moment, I went to the Magazin du Louvre to buy some ruffling to lengthen some of my night gowns. Then came to room. Ernest came later & both rested for an hour, then began to dress for opera. Went to G. Hotel. K. and a horrible dry goods man were to go with us, went to a restaurant in rear of opera house. Here my foot first began giving me great pain. During dinner could scarcely bear it.

Went at 7.30 to opera. Had box on 3rd tier. *Lo[h]engrin* was played — medium actors, funny boxes. The ceiling of house grand and stairway & foyer simply superb. Felt nervous & sick. Foot gave twings of pain. Came back after 2nd act. Soon after reaching room, had worse attack of all, sweltered it in chloroform brine & camphor. After while died away & I got to sleep.

This is all of yesterday, May 9th, Friday, the day before — let me

see — I *think* it was the day that E. & I went to the Bon Marché with Ketcham to help him buy some home presents. He got an elegant silk knit shawl, black, for his mother, a fine rubber doll and a cheap parasol for sister, a fine white p. for Caroline, pretty lace & white one for Mrs Kobayashi, and a perfectly stunning white one for his wife. A dainty mauve & green fichu for Miss Lindsay, some silk stockings for his sister, a lot of cravats & men's gloves, and this is all that I can remember. Ernest and I got an umbrella cane for Kobe, a dainty blue fichu for Sister Anne, a black and yellow "collet" for myself, some note books, & some buttons.

From there to Roget & Gulleets where K. gave me a bottle of Vera Violet. Took lunch at big Duval Restaurant in Boulevard des Italiens, & K. left us. E. & I went to Violet, queen of the best parfumerie, where old fat insinuating dame presides & bought some Verraine Extract & toilet water, some powder & some sandalwood soap. Also went to Cook's to see about tickets for Italy, found dear home letters from Mama & Lila, telling of safe arrival of box, and letter from Mrs Boyce.

Took voiture & had beautiful drive through Champs Elysées & Bois de Boulogne. Perfect day, many driving, or walking or eating at little tables set about among blossoming chestnuts. Paris at her best. Beautiful & attractive, but always superficial. The rest of the days can't remember well, but on Thursday, I think it was, the pain in my side was so severe that I had to go to an American doctor. Fee 20 francs. He thought it my spleen, gave me plaster & capsules. Also address of good doctor in Florence.

Later. Breakfast has come & gone. It was dainty — luxurious here in our room. E. & I enjoyed it. Talked of our little home in the South.

After breakfast, made list of a few more drugs & traveling articles that we need, & E. has gone shopping, leaving me to write & pack.

One night during this past week, Ketcham, Roussel, E. and I dined together at Dîner Français and then went to Folies Bergere. Awfully Frenchy, but was horrible. Painted, unhuman *Joros* walked around in the Foyer & concert hall, trying to entrap men. Sad & terrible. We came away about eleven, leaving K. & Roussel. Also this week we have been once or twice to Salon, have written long article for *Lotos*, have done shopping & packing. Early in week met at Bon Marché Mrs Hanna Taylor & one of the LeBain girls. Were cordial & nice. I know that I am forgetting much, but it can't be of very great importance or I should remember.

Before stopping thus, which will possibly be my last entering in this notebook of things pertaining to Paris, I *must* put down briefly, in disconnected notes, some of my fleeting impressions of the city viewed as a whole, all of the life here. City light in tone, broad gay streets, horse-chestnut avenues, charming. Sky generally bright, but a luminous blue gray mist over the city. The Seine of dark gray, with light gray walls & bridges always picturesque & charming. The towers of Notre Dame, whether near or close, archaic, square, almost stern. Eiffel Tower either a dominating presence, or a great overhanging, shadowy ghost. View from Père La Chaise out over the city, throws the dome & Pantheon & the blunt top of Eiffel, half way up to the zenith very striking.

The cemetery distinctive, full of interest, little narrow streets & blocks, *crowded* with pale gray houses of the dead. Very impressive. Little white communicants in veils, long dresses & white slippers, drift like stray white rose petals, over a dancing hall, as they walk about the

streets of Paris. Venders of flowers, generally overthrown everywhere. Greenish lilies of the valley, wild scentless violets, forget-me-nots, little pink roses, venders of vegetables, artichokes, asparagus & beans.

Yesterday saw an old man with a tray of huge, live *snails*, made me shudder. On broad popular Boulevards, where most of the table-places are crowded, men peddle vulgar toys. Women using glass vessel, monkey with rubber tube going through suggestive motions, and other wile & indecent things. Don't see how it is allover. Little *chozuba* along all the streets. Tough looking news-men, now boys, shouting out afternoon paper "*La Patrie*". Coachmen always cracking whips. Very hateful in crossing streets — dangerous. English clerks in stores, patronizing & unpleasant. *Many* little diamond stores with one window displaying beautiful gems. Pearls white, black or pink, seem popular. Large flower sprays in diamonds, postmen in uniform & cocked hat. Flower wreathes, & new monstrocities of artificial wreathes offered by Frenchmen at statues of Napoleon & Jeanne D'Arc. Little "Boulangerie," and "Patisserie" shops very numerous. Tiny cheese & butter shops. Restaurants everywhere, "Duval", a great & numerous institution.

Notes on Paris written at Venice before beginning traveling notes.

The night before leaving Paris, took drive to Qua[r]tier Monceau to see Lilian. Man said L. not there, he had had letter that day from her, saying that she might sail from Boston that day. Wrote letter to her to Boston. Stopped at little drug store to buy pink string. Went to bed early & slept well. Next day stopped and packed. Got letter from Mama telling of Fanny's safety & new baby born April 28th, 1896, about 2. A. M.

Also from Alan telling of his birthday, and saying that they had received our letters from the ship.

Left hotel at 8. All went right except at station, the charge for baggage came to \$8.00, & Ernest did not have money in French coin to cover it. Guard agreed to take Italian. Got into train. Funny little Wagon-Lit. E. & I laughed over it — fairly comfortable. Here begins wonderful new travels.

Venice, May 14/96

Am I awake — or is it one of the entrancing dreams of my ignorant childhood! Sometimes I talk aloud to myself, arguing almost excitedly that it is real — that in no dream can one talk so clearly & lucidly to one's self. It is really I — who have passed through the Alps — who gazed up at Milan's frozen cathedral music: who, only today floated through the fairly land of Venice, and had the golden light of St. Mark shed upon them!!

But let me begin at the beginning — and try to recount intelligently the last three marvelous days. My night in the "Wagon-Lit" was a restless one on account of a most unwelcome attack of dysentery. I was up several times, broke the brandy-flask, caught cold, & did many uncomfortable things. But, as a good growing out of evil, it was because of this that I saw the early dawn dim fields of France, set with stiff rows of poplars, and covered with layers of mist as motionless as white as real as a clouded streak in glass. In the reddening light of day, these fields took on each moment some new phase of beauty, so that soon neither of us could sleep, but were eagerly up & dressing in order to catch from

both sides of the car, each new aspect. The houses not unlike the better ones of Normandy. At Culoz, already the low hills were beginning to enfold us. These were rather scraggly & gravelly. We crossed the Rhone, not unlike some of the wide, shallow Japanese rivers: streaks of water and gravel. Almost before we knew it we were at the head of the Lac du Bouget, clutching at one another, and quite hysterical over the vision of the White Alps, set as a celestial view between two nearer slopes of dark, and with molten sapphire flooding the foreground. Such color! Such a contrast of silvery whiteness & intense blue of living green of grass & tree of morning freshness, of dark slopes.

Nothing more beautiful seemed possible, at that moment. It was so unlike the ordinary coloring of such subjects — as different as printed calico, and living flowers. Half way down the lake we came to Aix le Bain; and approved of the taste of Victoria, who we hear has a villa there. From there we crept on & on over & under hills, growing more impatient at each tunnel until finally at Montmalieu, we saw beyond a frowning granite fortress of natural cliff, the sublime stretch of the outer line of snow capped Alps. Ernest was quite wild. The shapes of snowy peaks, the lines of torrent beds, the leaping glacier springs, the colors of rocks and landscape, filled him with ecstasy. In particular, the effect of some clean white Alp suddenly arising from a black nearer mass, throwing its jagged crest forward, and cutting against the clean blue sky, filled us both with joy.

The river which we saw from time to time was the Iser. Suddenly we turned to the right and cut in between two of the peaks whose line we had been going parallel with, up the valley of the Arc, a muddy, swift, gray, glacier-fed stream. Up to this time we had been in green

meadows, now we were in narrow gorges, growing more and more enormous. Great buttresses of solid stone rose sheer a thousand feet from the river, wild, misshapen, over whose shoulders peered the upper snow-fields from which fed the cascades that plunged over their sides. One pure white outline, rather gentle & broad, stretched out between two black masses, equal in height from greater near-mass, like a fair white woman, leaving snowy arms on the stooping shoulders of two black slaves.

One stupendous effect E. got out at station to get clearer look at. Said it was like Sesshu. Great towering broken cliff, almost shell-like in one part, like a coliseum holding an Alp in its arena. Like a broken stairway of the gods. Just beyond this was Modane, the frontier station between France & Italy, where we had our luggage examined. From this time a dining car was put on and from its window we watched the dominating crest of Frejus, lifted among the other peaks, cut the blue heaven with the keen silver edge of it[s] whiteness. Under this peak runs, for more than half an hour, the Mont Cenis tunnel.

On the other side we commenced to go down. A 1,000 feet below us was the green of valleys; the grey dots of little mushroom colored towns of Italy. Other tunnels, but shorter ones, set close together gave tantalizing glimpses of the wonderful scene. On other side of valley w[h]ere the rise began, little flat patches of cultivated fields, but the sides grew wilder, up & up, until they reached a towering mass of white, the greatest mountain we had yet seen.

Going down, the valley broadened, the towns became more human and near. We could see that the blackened roofs were covered with rudely quarried slate, brought from the mountains, [stupendous pearl slopes shot with a million colors, as the clouds playing with the snow caps cast

ever shifting lines of jagged shadows across their iridescent crests. Roman cities hugged the bases of black masses broken into the valleys from crumbling heights, or perched ruins upon their ever triumphant arches.

Pearlike and peachlike the green valley widened fragrant with mingled sunlight and mist. The white tents vanished like ghostly Roman armies behind us; through a lost band of dark cliffs reached after us threateningly, like the final boom of a clearing thunder storm; and before we knew it, we were in the broad fertile fields of Piedmont, the little pochet of agricultural wealth, from which the now far away Alps eddied away in mid-curving North and South.】⁵

High up, where the mountain-vineyards begin, each vine is tied to a little stake, & these are set in startling palettes in step like terrace, in little hill curves, on almost perpendicular slopes. They were barely budding with leaves, & looked hardy, old and gnarled. Sometimes the peasants' cottages were mere hovels, huts, holes in the earth. The air was like wine. Farther down in the valley; in the fertile fields nearing Turin, the vines were more advanced and allowed more space for running. They were even looped between trees.

The wild flowers set me almost craze. Wild white narcissus, & purple hyacinth, yellow iris, buttercups & daisies, lost star-daisies, bold scarlet poppies, frisking their silken petticoats about, corn-flowers, bluer than sky or lake, and a thousand pink, & white & yellow darlings that I could not get close enough to for friendly acquaintance.

At Turin we had to change cars. Caught glimpse of great cathedral on hill overlooking city. Between Turin & Milan country became ever richer. Irrigation by beautiful little canals. Saw rice-fields, but they were

cold, flat, mathematical, beside those of the Japanese. Peasants working barelegged in the slush, much like J.

Mountains grew more distant, pale, translucent, exquisite, like the sweet memories of vanished youth. Past Magenta (Napoleon), came into handsome Milan station. Drove through city, under dark bridge that has fine boulevard crossing above it, through cobble-stoned, fascinating streets to Hotel Metropole on same square with Milan Cathedral. About 6 P. M. Got front room, washed, had table d'hôte at long table in plain, clean dining room.

Took voiture & drove about. Marveled at exterior of great cathedral. Went on modern Boulevard lined with blossoming chestnut trees, like Paris, — only they were much larger & grander — then through old city streets, past little shops, saw common people walking about, saw outside of St. Ambrosio, & back to hotel.

Next morning, after having decided to leave for Venice by the 1.05 P. M. train, we determined to see all of Milan that could be seen in that limited space of time. First we went to the magnificent cathedral, walking around it to get every effect. It is superb, that wonderful, lacy airiness cut into stone, seems incredible. The Renaissance doors of the facade injure it, but we hear that they are soon to be remodeled. The sides where the long Gothic windows are, shows the original purpose. The thousand slender spires, the lace-like battlements the cathedral spire, all rustling with little spires, make a unique & beautiful spectacle.

Within, the first impression is of vast grandeur and emptiness, with one great shaft of light from the ceiling of the far end, streaming down over a life-sized and colored crucifix hung just below. Then one begins to discern a wide marble floor of large mosaics in dull red & gray, gigantic

fluted trunks of pillars, curving low arches of roofs that seem carved in intricate design — and stately altars and shrines against the side walls, culminating in the terrace chancel at the far end.

There is splendor, dignity & sublimity — very little, if any furniture cumber the acres of floor, there are no fancy capitals & brackets to the giant pillars, but each capital is a circle of life-sized statues of saints. Each pillar is 12 feet in circumference. The 3 fine stained glass windows of the chancel are said to be the largest in the world.

From here to picture gallery. Entrance R. R. cold and uninviting. Saw some few fine picture, a lovely drawing of head of Christ, ascribed to Da Vinci, some Mantegna's, a horrible dead Christ drawn in fine foreshortening and a more exquisite early Raphael "The Espousal of the Virgin". Then to St. Ambrosio, that strange ancient sacred place, with its Byzantine feeling, and old Roman relics set about in the brick walls. A roman stone column slant on the sidewalk near the entrance. This church was founded by St. Ambrose in the 4th century, & built on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus. He baptized St. Augustine here, and it was here that the Lombard and German emperors were crowned with the famous Iron Crown. There are mosaics here older than at San Marco.

We also went to the old supper hall of the monks for whom Da Vinci painted his great last supper. It occupies the entire upper half of one end of the hall. In spite of its ruined condition, it has a great mystic quality. From here we drove around, getting fine view across little park of the one medieval castle. It is built around a good deal, but still is full of interest. There are bits of old Roman ruins too, half sunk in the earth. At the castle we saw outlines of old moat, and place where drawbridge was. From here to hotel, hasty lunch, and to the station for train to Ven-

ice.

It seems desecration to go to such places by steam. The scenery along the route was fresh, lush, green, but monotonous. The great Alps were a ghostly line of giant tents among the northern horizon. After while we began to approach them, the road winding among hills, and the body of the Alps towering nearer and nearer. Approaching the thriving little town of Brescia, we had exquisite view of the Lago de Garda, azure blue, with a little peninsular like Enoshima jutting out into it, and the white Alps towering beyond. A little further the view was even more beautiful, and Ernest saw a red sail in the sun which gave the last note of sumptuous color. This was one of the most beautiful of all views.

The fields along here were fresh, green, and, apparently in full summer. Fields of ripe oats, others with new cut hay, carefully set orchards of trees, some of them mulberry, and women up in them stripping the leaves, grapevines festooned from tree to tree; poppies, daisies, buttercups were everywhere.

One long stop, 20 min. was at Verona. Of course everyone thought of Romeo & Juliet & of the "two gentlemen". I tried to select, from the villas that everywhere dotted the hills, one suitable for Juliet's home. Some houses toward the suburbs had painted fronts, like stage scenery. Passed through Mantua & Padua without stopping. White locust trees in full bloom, delicious fragrance. Smell of sea began to creep toward us. Marshy lands, iris—Soon flat marsh. I peeped out of window, and there, like a mirage of domes & towers on the glassy line of the sea, caught my first glimpse of Venice.

I was filled with strange emotions. It seemed incredible. I would not look out any more. Crossed long low bridge, and train halted in an ordi-

nary covered R. R. station. Again it seemed a dream that this was Venice. It might have been anywhere. But the crowd got out and moved on, we with it, and, passing along a sort of underground passage, emerged in full view of the Grand Canal.

Other people were stepping into gondolas as coolly as if they were handsome cabs, but as Ernest beckoned one for us, I was trembling with excitement. We went down a few stone steps, the boatman held out his hand, and we were, really & actually, seated in a gondola, gliding along the watery streets of this enchanting town. Every instant brought new wonders and delights. The great old colored palaces with their gothic arches, the gondoliers, the market, many an open wharf, the fishing boats, then the Rialto. Beyond this we turned sharply into a narrow canal, winding around impossible corners, under unarchitectural bridges, past houses about to crumble to pieces.

It was a new world, an impossible reality! I could not realize it yet. Then we came to the Bridge of Sighs, high up between the 2nd story of the Doge's palace, and the iron grated prison. On the next canal to this, facing the mouth of the Grand Canal, sits the Hotel Royal Danieli, once the house of a proud old family, that gave Doges to Venice. It is desecration. We determined to do no more sightseeing that night, as we were both very tired, so got a late dinner in the restaurant & started for bed.

On the way passed through a sort of social hall, where many guests were sitting & being entertained by a band of Venetian musicians who were playing & singing with nerve & spirit. One song was "Some think the world as made for fun & laughter and so do I". A stout young Venetian with a tambo[ur]ine sang it very well. Chorus good too. Ernest caught glimpse of the Stimsons of Boston — wretched beings!

Next morning, after good rest, had breakfast & started forth. Walked around to San Marco. Saw it from the Square, wonderful! Interested in people and loafers. Hundreds of doves in Square, bought corn and fed them—beautiful necks. San Marco, unlike anything in [the] world—strange, Byzantine. Went inside. Received almost a shock of feeling. Crude, swelling domes crusted with gold. Bright colored figures in mosaics, many of Byzantine simplicity.

It was ascension day, mass being held. A cardinal presided. Many bishops, priests, and choir boys. Grandest, most impressive scene I have known. Cannot attempt to describe what is indescribable.

Saturday May 15th/Venice

I will continue my notes in order. Day before yesterday, after that wonderful visit to San Marco where I felt as if the golden light from the central core of humanity's heart was diffused through the soft gloom. We went into the ducal palace just beside. This was open to the public on account of the holiday of Ascension.

We saw the great council-chamber where the doges used to sit. There is a frieze of portraits of Doges. Over the main seats which are raised above the level of the floor is an infamous painting of Paradise by Tintoretto. The ceiling is one mass of gold carvings with oil paintings set in, some by Veronese, some by Tintoretto. All rather heavy and tiresome. On the long gallery of the palace, with its onyx-like marble pillars, are two of dark red marble. From between these were once issued, to the waiting square below, the edicts of death.

Went home for lunch. After took the water "omnibus" and went to

picture gallery. Free admission on account of holiday, but it closed early. We had only half an hour to look round. Caught glimpses of large Basaitis, fine Bellinis. Great heavy, glorious Titian's "Ascension", also Titian's fine "Virgin at the Synagogue with that wonderful old Jew Woman and her basket of eggs. Took gondola. A nice one with pleasant gondolier. Went to see that *great* bronze statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni modeled by Andrea Verrocchio, teacher of Leonardo da Vinci. Near it, across the square is a splendid mosaic facade, with arches in false perspective and bas-relief of lions. The building is used as a hospital.

Reentered gondola and drifted through the green canals. Gondolier inveigled us into going in to the Ghetto to see synagogue. Ernest disgusted — boys & beggars like fleas — Synagogue a fake. Glad to get out. On grand canal went into a glass mosaic factory saw dear little girls putting in bits of glass with long slim pincers. Reminded me of Kioto and cloisonne ware. Later went into a great old Renaissance palace, now a vast curiosity shop. Ernest saw picture of the Bellini school which he wants to buy.

Yesterday, Friday, spent the whole morning at National Gallery, studying paintings and buying photographs. Basaiti's Dead Christ with a little cherub at head and feet, took immense hold upon my heart. Exquisite and pathetic. Also some Bellinis, which seemed to me tenderer & purer than anything Raphael has ever done. One room, all by Carpaccio, gave the life and martyrdom of St. Ursula. Most fascinating, both as art, and as giving a glimpse into Venice of that day. A superb gallery. Bought many photographs. Came to Hotel to lunch at one. I was weak & tired and stayed in my room while Ernest went back to the gallery until three.

In afternoon visited several churches. Cannot remember names, but in one, the first, saw most exquisite Bellini over the altar for which it was designed. Also a very early Venetian altar piece which was fine. Church Renaissance—rather bare, imposing. In another saw Palma Vecchio's superb St. Barbara—over its altar, magnificent. Here was great ghostly tomb of Canova, also of Titian. A horrible minor structure about the side door of black & white marble, black negroes in ragged white clothes, and black skeletons. Large, bare, imposing Renaissance church. Many tombs—old cracked ones in pavement. Colored marble setting. Tombs of popes, under canopies high up on walls. Picture by Basaiti & another artist together. Here it was, I think, but am not sure.

We saw another sweet Bellini, a Madonna & child, with panels each side of sages. In a little church of St. George, friezed with Carpaccio life of the saint, squirming dragon, chained damsel and all. Light not very good.

Came back to San Marco. Saw that wonderful place in light of setting sun. Walked about square. Bought coral & yellow bead necklace also some bits of glass mosaic at about 1/6 price the old rascal at manufacturing muck-up pay. Got back for dinner, did not go out at night.

Today we have done nothing but pack, for we are to leave about 2. P. M. for Florence. I hate to leave this beautiful city, but it is among my memory-treasures, and cannot be taken from me. I forgot to mention that during the first day's explorations about the canals. Our gondolier pointed out to us the palace where the Brownings lived, also where Byron stayed when he was here and wrote so beautifully of Venice. This is all of my notes here.

I take my last view and good-bye, on the fortunately long route to

the station. I can never forget my few days here. Venice is like a myth, a poem, a sea-dream, a child of Neptune & poetry, a colored sea-shell, a breath on a mirror, breathed by poetry, an embroidered fantasy. Color here is queen. Is it because the common hues of earth & vegetation are lacking, and everything set against a film of variable blues and greys, that men's eyes are more sensitive to the wealth of brilliant hues?

The old brick walls have soaked into them memories of a thousand crimson eves. The few trees that occur, a crude & chalky in color against the palim[p]sests of tints that each old palace holds up to the day. No painter begins to get the subtleties of colors here. Hopkinson-Smith⁶ is a child with a new box of colored pencils. Joe Smith⁷ of Boston comes nearer to it.

The marbles are like old meer[s]chaums colored by long, lazy centuries of sun-warmth. The dove's neck, hint of the same colors. Bronze throbs with subdued fire, stone takes on the color of sea, things, memories, flesh —

On road from Venice to Florence

5 P. M. Got to station too early. Sad at leaving Venice. At last moment Hotel porter rushed up with parcel. E's two night shirts left under pillow. My nice gown he didn't bring. Got on train. Sky dark & threatening, streaked with lightening. Just as we reached bridge, terrific hail storm burst upon us. Feared it would break windows. Venice disappeared in mist — occasional little islands dotted about faded. Gray water beaten as with whips. Reaching land found the car rails almost buried under masses of white hails — 5 and 6 inches deep in places. Shredded leaves

from the fields near by, all mixed up with the hail. All the air smelled like...

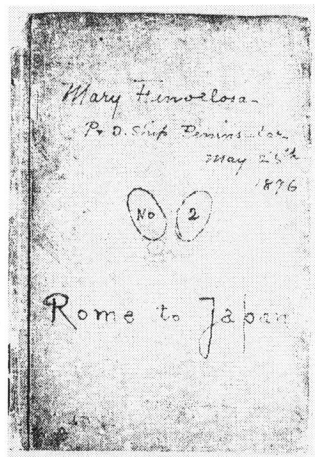
Mary Fenollosa, Journals No. 2
Rome to Japan

Steamship Peninsular

Mediterranean Sea

Tuesday Morning

May 26th/1896



From the hour of leaving Florence a week ago at 6.30 this afternoon (Tuesday May 19th) I have made only fugitive notes on stray bits of paper, intending always to complete them while on this trip, and before entering the yet more enchanted land of Egypt. We came on board Sunday about 6. P. M. after a whole day's steady journeying from Naples to Brindisi. I have not been out of my bed until this morning, not from seasickness, but from deliberate intention of rest and recuperation.

Now I will begin from the moment of leaving Florence. It seems incredible that this was only one week ago, so much has come into my life and memory since then. Leaving late in the afternoon we had only a short time in which to look out upon the pleasant orchard hills, and the little villages in the valleys and on the slopes. We had bribed the guard to let us keep our compartment "sold" out as soon as dusk came, stretched out on opposite seats and slept until almost in Rome.

A clerk from the Hotel de Russie, where we had telegraphed, from

Florence, was there to meet us, so there was no friction about drivers, porters, baggage or anything. I was awfully sleepy & cross. Got vague impression of big, modern station, endless line of hotel "busses", and after, a big Parisian city, with modern buildings and rather rough stone streets.

The Hotel de Russie proved a delightful one. We had the best room in the house, a big wing one, jutting out toward the garden for which this hotel is noted, a magnificent structure of narrow terraces, gorgeous with roses, climbing the side of the Pincian hill. We had a private balcony too. The scent of orange flowers filled the hotel, and our room was like one big flower. Slept well, had breakfast of steak, rolls & coffee at 9 next morning, and at 10 sallied forth.

Drove first to Vatican getting fine impression of St. Peter's. Its great material splendor of mass, in pale cold yellow, rising from the cold grey of ascending steps and a bare stone courtyard, semi-enclosed in curving yellow rows of columns. Entered door in colonnades to the right. Swiss guards in their gay, baggy costumes of yellow, black and red—the Pope's guards—rather fine-looking men. Began to climb steps, flight after flight, separated by square stone landings, but always above the up-sloping curved roof of the gallery, with its Renaissance decorations. At last reached Sistine Chapel.

M. Angelo ceiling more than all that has been said or written about it. It must be felt. Great composition divided off into architectural spaces by painted marble columns or ceiling. The conception, as well as its working out, stupendous. The "temptation" in the ceiling a little toward entrance door, very fine, best in color. "Creation of man" superb, but injured by restoration. Single figures masterpieces. Sibyls, figures of men.

Jonah, above the "last Judgment", and others. The whole thing is overpowering in its suggesting of superhuman force of soul force. One feels that in that curved dome, a great unearthly current is sweeping, night and day. Nothing in art has ever given me just the same feeling. It seems a concentration of the power of all human genius.

From this went into the galleries of Raphael's famous frescoes, which was hard on Raphael. Liked best one over a window with boyish figure sitting with lyre in hand — slender bay trees beyond and female figures somewhere about. But the only thing in art that day that can be placed beside memories of Michael Angelo, was our glimpse of Fra Angelico's last frescoes, done in a chapel of the Vatican. We had to bribe the guard to let us in, as it was not an exhibition day. It was worth the bribe, for the comparative solitude.

The feeling Fra Angelico gives me is as deeper — is deeper than that of M. Angelo and yet as different as moonlight from moon. I think of one as Wordsworth — a sort of sublimated essence of Wordsworth; the other as my Browning in art — and he does not need so much sublimating. I believe that I loved Fra Angelico more than any painter that has ever lived and yet Giotto seems indispensably his elder brother. What a world is Art in itself!

But to return to the chapel which is said to contain the last work by his hand. It is called the Cappella de Niccolo V. erected by Nicholas V. & decorated by scenes from the lives of St. Lawrence & St. Stephen. In the burning of St. L. the artist falls short as he always does in things of horror and violence — for which I love him — but in the calmer scenes — St Stephen blessed by bishop, or distributing alms to the poor, or preaching from an Eastern doorstep to a sitting group of white veiled

women, are among the perfect things of the world. The busts of three bishops in a row, Ernest & I mentally detached & copied for their beautiful heads & the contrasting colors of their light hued robes.

Then we went into the picture gallery proper, which contains Raphael's *Transfiguration*, his "coronation of the Virgin", with empty tomb below, painted in the Perugino manner, & one which Ernest considers probably the finest of his works, & other well-known masterpieces. Then we came out and drove around the hard glaring courtyard, back of St. Peter's, and up a stone incline, to the entrance of the sculpture gallery, said to be the finest in the world. They certainly are well and artistically arranged. We went through rather hurriedly, obtaining of course, a most flippant view compared with that of a student.

It is an enormous place. The things that remain with me, are a huge porphyry tub on legs, 5 or 6 ft. from the ground, found in the baths of Diocletian—the floor below it was a solid moraine circle, probably from the same baths. Standing about were originals of world famous statues, the famous head of Jove, etc. etc. In other rooms saw Appollo Belvedere — room to itself, the La[o]coon, a fine Mercury, and all sorts of famous Dianas, and Herculeses and Joves, and Niobes & Venuses. There was a big old Father Nile statue, with little Cupids of prosperity crawling all about him. In the room of "animals", a spotted leopard of inlaid marble was ingenious, if not artistic, and I notice particularly a donkey head in black marble, with wonderful vigor and humor in it. This is indeed a marvellous collection. I must not omit the Hercules Torso — so celebrated — though to my way of thinking it was a little inferior to the black one at Florence.

After this we had to bribe a guard to let us into the library wing of

the Vatican which was not open to visitors that day. There were many gifts to the Pope, & many priceless things in standing glass cases which we had to hurry by. There was a silver full-relief model of Da Vinci's last supper, a great jewelled book, the Bible I suppose, a many storied clock, and all such things. There was a cupboard full of early paintings, small sized, by Fra Angelico, Giotto, & others which we were dying to see but couldn't. At the far end of everything was a brilliant glowing stained glass window, modern, but quite fine. It is a portrait, I presume, of the present Pope. They all look alike. The chief thing we went back to see, however, was a little side room with original wall frescoes, taken from some exhumed house or palace of Ancient Rome.

Came out very tired, but determined to "do" St. Peter's before lunch. Drove around to steps, crawling in. The interior seemed to me a great, vacant, pompous, irreligious void, which the clumsy bronze altar canopy, and the huge, newly starched modern groups of statues only served to intensify. The one thing I liked was the circle of Hebrewish, brass, ever-burning lamps, about the sunken tomb where St. Peter is supposed to lie. It would be quite as appropriate to me to say my prayers in the Paris opera house, as in St. Peter's—yet, on high occasions, with the rascally old Pope and all his gleaming cardinals and priests officiating, I do not doubt that it forms an impressive sight.

From here we went across the square to a nasty little restaurant which faces the Cathedral. Everything was poor, and the bread so hard that in trying to bite it I broke a tooth into, the inner side coming off entirely and the filling pretty out. It is so yet. *Komarimasu!* Teeth certainly are an invention of the devil. After a wretched lunch we took carriage again and drove to the Pantheon, a most impressive building, the only

ancient Roman one remaining intact. It is several feet below the street level, showing the old city level. Too late to get in.

Then went to a delicious little old musty wine shop nearby, sellers of Monte fiascone, the famous Est. Est. Est. It was certainly divine. Bought & fiaschetto & went upstairs to drink it in a tiny room with wooden chairs and table, frescoed (?) in views of Vesuvius, and the S. Italy coast. With it he served two small and dingy glasses, and four thin pieces of sweet toast. The whole affair was delicious. I shall never forget my first sip of Est. Est. Est. It seemed almost to turn to cool vapory fragrance as it touched the lips, and was so fine and light one could not feel it in the mouth. We decided to buy 4 little flagons & take to the hotel. When the young man started down a pair of cranky stone steps toward the cellar, I asked him to let me come too, so E. & I followed, and went into the most delightful cool, damp little vaults, with stacks of straw covered bottles leaning against the oozy walls.

Went to hotel. Rested a minute, then dressed in some of my Paris clothes, green silk, blk. cape, big pink hat and lace veil, & E. & I went to drive in swell two horse team. Went up Pincian Hill, and about to other places. On another hill, where stands statue of Garibaldi, got magnificent view of City. Peter's far to left — flat dome of Pantheon like old turtle shell in city. Many spires and domes. Coming down hill saw pretty sight — 3 sweet nuns walking down narrow hill path, and rosy cheeked peasant girl stopped before them, kissing each crucifix in turn. The oldest nun held out her hands as if in blessing. The smile in all faces was a ray of soul-sunshine. Got back tired; dinner & bed. This was the end of Wednesday May 20th.

Next morning started again at about 10. Hotel clerk had secured us

a splendid little driver, who furnished horse and wagon, spoke English well, and acted as guide. Took us through charming historic old streets. First sight fountain of Trevi very fine, large body of water ever falling — stones on it were brought from tomb of Cecilia Metellus. Guide said that anyone drinking of that water would be sure to return to Rome. I wanted to jump out of carriage at once, but Ernest wouldn't let me.

Then we went to the wonderful Forum, sunk deep in earth, with old paved street showing, and with its pillars, its arch, and its historic memories. Then to the Palace of the Caesars — that monument of pride, antiquity and greatness. There's no use trying to describe the solemn pile. There is nothing now but stairways and broken arches, and hints of courts and passage ways, and poppies with, over a great part, a modern garden & villa.

The most distinctive thing was the house of Livia, which, of course, gives a more complete idea of life at that time. It was a sad glory to wander there. From the high ledges of the hill, one could look down into the Forum, across to the new-patched side of the Capitol hill, and forth to the right, the great shell of the Coliseum. Should I put my ideas when here into even crude form, they would be poetry. Descending, through devious ways, we reached the entrance, found one carriage, and drove to the Coliseum.

The staring empty spaces, the half-broken tiers, the superb arena, were not unlike my dreams of them — only a little grander, and more imposing. One thing which I had not realized, was the two strips of wild beast dens beneath, where beasts of prey, as well as Christian martyrs, were kept before one of the great holiday scenes of death, martyrdom. It was awful. I looked up to the first tier of seats, at the wide arc, once set

apart for the vestal virgins. If women were women in those days, there must have been many a sick heart in that place.

After this we told our little driver to take us to some nice Italian Restaurant, where we would get some good native cooking; and he did so — a delightful little old place, where for two francs a piece they served us wine like sunshine in fragrant morning mist, and a most delicious little 3 course meal — soup, macaroni & meat cooked together, flavored with tomatoes & cheese, and then butter, cheese & fruits. The macaroni was delicious. Ernest was a pig. He had three enormous helpings, and I laughed with joy to see him.

After lunch to the Baths of Caracalla, where I had a new impression of that unspeakable luxury of the past. Enough remains of span and arches to give fair idea of the magnificence of its proportions, and the bits of marble cornices, splendid stretches of mosaic floor, Titan fallen fragments of mosaic ceiling, as well as the number and sizes on purposes of the different baths and pools, show the splendor of decoration. I abducted two pieces of white marble to have paper weights made. At the door I bought a little pottery lamp, said to have been dug up nearby. This was, in some ways as stupendous as the Colloseum and the Palatine Hill. At least, it may be said that it is a worthy companion.

Now we went through quaint, narrow streets, through the old quarter swarming with dirty children, tiny shops and stalls, and old women, and drove through arched gate that leads out into the Appian Way. At one side is left the great stone pavings of the original way; the rest is restored with newer stone. Passed a burial place for slaves, where ashes are stored away in little pigeon-holes, whence the name Columbarium, next a little church of St. Peter, with a legend, and the footprints of

Christ in a block of stone held with bars of iron to the floor. As we gazed in reverent incredulity, two young priests crept in from their stroll, kissed the footprints, and went out as silently.

Soon after this we began to get views of the great luxuriant waste of the Campagna, with broken stone aqueducts, like gigantic, dissipated old catapillars, humping along in various directions. A stupendous water system, in the old days!! Some little way along the Road we reached a plain gate, set in the light wall, with a curved board over it, announcing that within could be found the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. The very name made me shudder, and all the air took of a clinging dampness. The path from the gate to the little custodian house was harmless enough, lying as it did through flat patches of cultivated garden, flowers & vegetable, with wild-flowers, headed by the bold poppy, taking possession of all untenanted nooks.

In the closet of a custodian's house, found a few shelves, small glass cases with souvenirs to sell, and a jolly priest, young and rather handsome, except that his teeth were covered with sea-weed. He was very jocular, began joking with us in a curious mixture of French, English, and Italian. He took us out in open air, made a few paces to the right, and descended abruptly into the earth. It began to feel gruesome. How he stopped to light two funny little wax tapers, giving us each one, and coiling another long one about the end of a stick, for his own use.

We did, of course, only a small portion of this strange underground network of burrowing. The whole thing is 12 miles long, and this is but one of many. He showed us oblong holes scooped into rock for the dead. Arched low vaults over martyr's tomb; some attempts at finishing in marble by those who had a little more money; family vaults; martyr's

tombs used for altars; little martyred children's vaults, and all about, rude, only Christian symbols, fish, ~~R~~, dove, cross, etc. as crude as N. A. Indian picture writing. One tomb of a princess was a sarcophagus of marble, bas-relief, and covered with glass; the outline of hem slowly, mouldering form could plainly be seen. In another vault, a cheaper one, open to the damp air, there were bones, and things, covered with a blue-white mould.

In these catacombs, perhaps because of the physical horror, a strong wave of that feeling that has sometimes swept across me, a sense of impatience at the blind fanaticism and pig-headedness of these martyrs. Of course where they were suspected and condemned without a hearing, or killed because found reading the bible, or doing good works, that was another matter, but when brought to torture, when a mere verbal retraction would have saved them, was it not partly obstinacy that caused them to die, when they could have done more good alive.

If Christ died to save sinners, why need do many of them have died to save themselves? Sometimes it seems to me a great, weird, nightmarish fad, a ghastly fanaticism, equal to any East Indian devotee, or der-vish. But perhaps I am too ignorant of history to judge. I was glad to get out of the awful place. We both got a chill, Ernest of the body, I of the heart. It is a ghostly memory.

We drove along the Appian Way to the great round tomb of Cecilia Metellus, built about by the ruins of a medieval castle (it was once used as a fortress) and its base scarred by the absence of the stones which go to make up the fountain of Trevi in Rome. Drove a short way past, & then returned to City. Ernest so cold, wrapped up in lap robe. Passed through same squalid portion of Rome which has not been changed at all

since medieval days.

I forgot to say that at the termination of our Appian Way ride, as the horses were resting a moment, two characteristic little things transpired. The first was a little burst of confidence from our hitherto reticent guide, giving his views on politics, abusing Victor Emanuel, the Pope, and the Legislature, and extolling the dead Garibaldi. The next incident had been the occasion of little beggars, with beautiful dark eyes and filthy faces, which circled about the carriage begging. At first E. wouldn't notice them, & told the driver to say to them, that, if they would wash their faces, we would give them a penny. Then such a scrambling to the road-side pump! The biggest girl, scrubbed the littlest boy, and all came back, beaming, most of the dirt having been driven in mud-banks, to their ears, corner of eyes, and roots of hair, but we gave them each a penny for the clean expanse thus revealed, and they trotted off happy.

It was in speaking of the terrible poverty of such people as these, of the too-heavy taxes laid upon them, that warmed our little patriot into eloquence. Once in the city we drove to Cook's, thence to a silk-place, noted for its beautiful Roman shawls. Ernest bought me a dainty scarf.

It would seem that we had earned a well deserved rest in our room by this time, but no, we had promised our hosts to attend a swell garden party given in their beautiful garden that afternoon from 5 to 7. It really was a charming sight. On arriving at the hotel, we found the street almost blocked with swell equipages, liveried grooms and coachmen, etc. The grounds of the garden itself, full of gayly dressed ladies, and bright-colored officers in uniform, and slender young civilians in black frock coats, made a brilliant, moving picture. I put on my Paris clothes, Ernest

his black coat, and we sauntered out to join the revelry.

We knew no one, of course, but it was fun to watch, English, French & Italian were spoken on all sides. Most people seem equally at ease in all three. A tall, sallow, red-head English girl with affected manners, and the air of a beauty, drawled about with a second-fiddle female, and was spoken to by many young gentlemen. An old creature of 60 was done up in mauve silk & muslin. An old gentleman, seemingly of much consequence, sat in a bath chair and dispensed smiles. Musicians, behind the orange trees, discoursed tinkling, silvery Italian music. Waiters served pretty refreshments, the little fountain leaped & plashed over its callalilies, and all was bright & gay. Big bundles of culled roses lay about, and garden shears for plucking others were given to anyone who asked.

A dear little girl of 10, in a pale blue quaint gown & big hat, was entirely wrapped up in flowers. A smaller girl in pink, very short pink skirt, little cold bare legs over white socks & pink slippers; and an evermore Paris hat, was too overdressed to think of anything but her finery. Two girls that came alone, but had young officers about them like bees, were a strange contrast. One tall, slender, blonde, rather ordinary, in dainty dress of dotted white muslin, full of little corn-flower blue ruffles edged with white, the other tall, full, statuesque, antique, with strange glowing face, straight eyes, long nose, big intelligent mouth, hair pulled forward of her ears, framing her face, and a carriage like a Roman empress. Rather shabbily dressed in black skirt, white satin waist, & big shapeless black hat, covered with red poppies. Looked like an actress, and artist, poet, or something out of the common.

Of the garden itself, it was as beautiful as a well-ordered riot of roses could make it. Walls & terrace sides were one mass of Marshall

Neils, Gold of Ophir, Marie Henriette, climbing Safrans, La Marque, Solfaterre, and a great pink-hearted tea, that I don't know, can make it. Orange & lemon trees were in full bloom. Some of smaller oranges were full of both flower & fruit. Standing roses, La France, Malmaison, Jacqueminot, bordered the largest beds. Carnation & clove pinks of all colors were there, and bright annuals wherever there was room for them.

At the very top of the garden, runs a street of Pincian Hill, and people were leaning over the stone parapet to look down at us. Beyond it we could see the great palms which grow there. Got to bed early & slept well.

Got up next morning at 6, finished packing and started off to catch the 8.20 train. Clerk gave me divine bouquet of heliotrope, orange flowers, ferns & roses. On the early streets saw quaint little herds of goats, driven by picturesque peasants, being milked on door-steps. Great improvement on milk-wagons. Little vegetable & flower-stalls had brightness of dew upon them, everything gay & fresh.

Passing the walls of Rome in train, got fine view of effect of wall. On Campagna could see Appian Way to the right. C. M. tomb, and ruins of other tombs. Fine view of aqueducts and ruins. Not much cultivation in this low, fevered district. Outlines of abandoned fields. Two, more recently abandoned, taken possession of by poppies. Red as square vats of fresh blood. All sorts of wild flowers by the million.

Ahead of us, to the right, could see Alban hills, and the Sabine, mistily beside. Across the Campagna, as the land began to rise, cultivation appeared, first scraggly trees, then better ones, all olives, little vineyards, vegetable fields, etc. Saw Frascati among hills—modern substantial houses. Great summer resort. Sheep on hills—beautiful yellow broom

appears. Golden patches of it on many hills. Grim, solemn ruins may be seen — sometimes mere crumbling walls, again quite a city.

Fields full of a sort of shrub bean with flowers like horse-chestnut, snowy stretches. A little wild flower, unknown to me, makes brilliant azure stretches. Picturesque peasant girls in fields, white cloth on head — one group strangely like Kiyonaga. Saw little city where Thomas Aquinas was born. Further on, at crest of hill, large monastery where he worked & taught. Archives there. At side of road wild pampas grass growing.

At 12.20 reached Aparanisi, a small station, where, ghostly and vague, ahead of us to the right, rose one first outline glimpse of Vesuvius. Passed through site of ancient Capua.

Approaching Naples, character of land very different. Almost everything, figs, oranges, vines & olives — huge cacti, both fig and aloes. Houses white, small, square-topped, very orientalist. On most of them crosses drawn in black or white: occasionally in red, vegetable fields about them — big wells with white copings, some with windlass — flat country, smell of the sea, Vesuvius looming above.

Naples big city. At station found it would be an hour to get train for Castle le mare. Impatient, determined to take earlier train to Pompeii & drive across. Did so. Caught first clear glimpse of blue M. Sea. Rocks, crusted with cactus on shore, white foams dashing against it — beautiful sight. Age-old lava beds running into water. Blue Capri & Isc[h]ia in distance. Got carriage at Pompeii station. Had nice drive to Castle-le-mare. Hotel high on hill side, had to wind up through streets of quaint old village. Seems a thousand years old, babies and all. Pretty children — one year old baby in wicker "walker". Very small babies swathed, like little

mummies. Charming young girls.

Fine room in hotel overlooking Vesuvius. Grand view. Rested only a few minutes, then started off in carriage for Sorrento. Most beautiful scene in the whole world, next to Fuji. Reminded me strongly of drive about bay of Kagoshima, with Sakurajima for V. Fine stone road curving in and out among mountain bases, ever rising, until finally takes a downward slope inland, and for some miles, no view, until we burst in upon Sorrento. I felt miserably ill, but enjoyed it nevertheless. Every new aspect of V. was superb. Naples crusted the point that juts furthest into the sea — the curve was frosted with little villages. Looking over the stone parapet of our road to sea beneath, the water most wonderful blue. Contrasts of water, hill-rocks & wild flowers, simply ecstatic.

I have never seen quite as many and as glorious wild flowers in any one place. There were many I did not know at all, blue, white, pink, yellow, and red — some little fringy white & yellow tassels, particolored — pink eglantine-like roses on dusty shrubs, a sort of thistly-spike like blue fire-works, a shrub like milk-weed, in great thick lilac-shaped clusters of pink, three different shades, one, very pale pink like apple blossoms, another more intense & a third nearly crimson; then a sort of glossy 3 leaved clover, only it was deep, glowing crimson; and lots more that I could not notice minutely enough to describe.

Of those that I knew were, little white rose vines, such as grow in Japan, fig cactus, with yellow blossoms, climbing cactus, a sort of ice plant, with big magenta ones, pampas grass, century-plants, broom, sweet-alyssum, little Napoleon daisy, taller daisy, sweet peas, poppies, pink *dove lily*, portulacea, millions of Mexican primroses, like pink morningglory — such as Grandma used to have, blue salvia, small magenta

thistle, big pale yellow dandelions, and yellow daisies. The sweet-alyssums grew thicker than grass. In suburbs of villages we saw above the stone walls wonderful gardens of roses, fig, vine, & orange orchards, and many lemon trees so thickly covered, and so slender of limb that they were tied to impromptu trellis. There was a beautiful one outside the door at our hotel.

At Sorrento bought hair-pin box of olive wood, and paper knife of lemon. Got back rather sick. Fever all night. Next morning I had planned to go to Naples with E., to Cooke's, and to museum. This was morning of Saturday, May 23. Was entirely too ill to attempt it. Stayed in bed, hoping to be able to drive over at 2 o'clock and meet him at Pompeii. At 2, still felt badly, but fever was gone, & determined to try it.

Riding over, I noticed that most of the hedges by the road sides were of night blossoming jasmine. Arbutus seem to grow wild in places. I passed a good many teams of 3 horses or mules, the central victim being decorated with a fearful tabernacle of brass, leather, feathers, and worsted. Some of them twist around on top like weathervanes. All have bells. In the little C—village I had noticed decorations of colored glass tumblers—perhaps to hold flowers.

Reached the Pompeii station just in time to meet E. in Naples train. It was raining when I started, but, by this time had cleared up finely. Went first to little Restaurant for E. to get sandwich. I went into adjoining shop and bought lava bracelet. Then to modern entrance of Pompeii. There were bearers with little wooden chair for palanquin. Ernest made me take. I was glad. Up little incline with modern wall & hill slope, pines, young paradise trees, and beautiful magenta cactus hanging over stones. Turned to right. Old gateway of P. two inclines, 2 archers. Mar-

ble stall just without, once a little market. Within, to the right, modern museum with most interesting "human" things taken from Pompeii — utensils, bits of locks, vessels, etc. — There were bodies, now ossified, in the very attitudes of that awful death agony 2000 years old.

One woman, of slight, graceful form, was lying on her stomach. One hand still holds a handkerchief to her nose, her head is raised in suffocation. One, perhaps the most piteous, is a woman soon to be a mother, writhed awfully in her death agony. Her left hand, clutching upward, is still exquisitely moulded, and dainty. There is one little child, not in seeming agony though, and a dog, that would be a masterpiece of arrested agony, if the work of man. There are several bodies of men, well-formed, and proportioned, but all in their dreadful agonies. Some have rings in their fingers, sandals in their feet. One man is fastening on his money belt, another clutches a money bag. Most of these have the waves of burnt clothing still about them, one, a man, was evidently nude at the time.

There was a large case of brass & bronze utensils, sieves, griddles, saucepans, fryingpans, big covered pots, lamps, vases, etc. Of pottery, there were more: water jars, some immense, lamps, crocks, etc. An iron money chest shows a hint of former massive elegance. There were locks, and window gratings, bread from ovens, a small crock of eggs, one egg in perfect state, charred vegetables, meat, grain, etc., in another place, bits of charred cloth, showing fine woof, ropes, & lamp-wicks. One lamp had wick in it; there were large iron tripods, as of fine braziers, square glass mirror, chariot wheel, and much else that I cannot recall.

Went up ancient street, sidewalks 2 feet higher than street & often of coarse mosaic, street proper paved with large stones, bearing steep

marks of wheel ruts. All through the sad little vacant walls, glimpses of plaster in red, orange or black. Little shops had sort of crazy-quilt marble contours, with earthen vessels set in — back in shop, under stairway now gone, lower brick counter with immense jars set in, must have sold pickles, wine, and such things, oil & olive too.

Most dwelling houses had merely narrow entrance between two shops. In 1st court receptacle for rain from the conveying roofs & of the pillars stood about. In second court the floor was raised and floor pillars were of finer quality. At the back was a garden, enclosed in pillars. All about two first courts little rooms were set, the largest being the dining rooms. Pillars were of tin red. Everything was frescoed. On finest houses, the mosaic stone-step bore the word "Have".

The house wells were like pieces of marble columns hollowed out. About 3 ft. high & fluted, the inner edge bore almost as deep flutes, where the ropes hauled up buckets. Saw forum, Temple of Jupiter, Temple of Apollo, and one of Mercury with marble altar still in place. The public wells were of gray stone, large & square, the water spouting from mouth of bas-relief head, usually of woman. The stone is still worn & polished by the touch of myriad dead hands. In each narrow street crossing, two big stones were set, the chariot wheels go between, and they serve for stepping stones.

Guide took us to part where excavations were still going on. Two men dug for us, disclosing fine panel of green and orange fresco. Washed it with scrubbing brush and water. Saw several baths, both hot and cold, with disrobing room, and with exercise hall or gymnasium in rear. One cold bath was all of white marble, round, and built in two tiers. The roof of its particular room was a dome, with hole in the top like a beehive.

The flat brass water-sprout studs out from the wall 4.5 feet higher than the rim of the bath. There were alcoves at regular intervals, and from the fragments of fresco remaining it could be seen that they were of exquisite sky blue, bay like branches of green painted on it, and birds flying about.

One fine hot-bath, had marble square tub occupying one end. About the room a sort of cornice 7 or 8 feet from the floor, of terra cotta male figures supporting shelf. There were alternating niches. At opposite end of room, round marble fountain, arch above in stucco relief, colored—one white rosette pattern very fine. Bronze benches set about the round basin, which was held high on slender stem—these had bull's head & hoof, for feet. The whole room had universally thick walls, and apparatus showing that hot steam used to fill the space. At another large bath, the entrance arch was wonderfully preserved both in stucco-relief and color. Squares & octagons with central figure raised in white, and bright colored background was the general effect. In a little round window over the entrance door, bits of fine blue glass are still sticking about the edges. This had fine mosaic floor, round marble cold bath, and blue tinted alcoves, as in the others.

But perhaps the finest thing we saw was a house so recently discovered that it is not down on guide-books or maps; a house that was found in such perfect preservation, that the government undertook to restore it and has done its work well. In most of the other houses the finest mosaics and frescoes are carried at once to the Naples Museum, but this is to be left as it is. The broken pillars about the court-yard have been finished up, the roof and cornice, much of which remained, finished up, the little court-yard planted with flowers, and all the statues &

water basins kept in place. The walls under the roofs of this court-yard are frescoed and some have the most perfect, glowing crimson finish we have seen. An artist was copying a panel when we were there.

All the rooms are frescoed, and by some master hand. One room, kept shut as an extra sight, has some *superb* pieces in the central panels and running all about the wall in a sort of dado, and narrow long panels of black, representing a household taken possession of by cupids. Cupids are cooking, sewing, bathing, drawing water, and everything else. It is one of the most valuable discoveries yet made. The finish of plaster is in itself a marvel, hard, and polished as onyx. The kitchen stone furnace was uninjured; the remains of the old coals are there, and on them sit a gridi[r]on, and a covered pot — other utensils are ranged about. In the wine cellar great rows of pointed, high-shouldered wine jars lean against the wall.

I wish I could go and study this one place alone, for a whole day. We went to visit its coliseum, small compared with the Roman one, but imposing and in fine preservation. I forgot to mention the little altar for the Lares & Penates, always to be seen. Romelinies high in the wall like Japanese, again a sort of little temple on the floor. In several of the little houses the wine cellar was but partially exhumed, showing the great leaning jars, as they stood that dreadful day of the eruption. This was a wonderful visit. I shall never forget it. My bearers & the guide were overwhelming in gallantry, plucked me a bunch of maidenhair that grows everywhere and a duster of wild poppies from one of the little marble courtyards.

Went out of Pompeii, reentered carriage, drove back to Castle-la-mare, with its sloping streets, its picturesque well & water-bearers with

vases, its pretty children and sweet girls, to our pleasant room. Got packed & ready to start off next morning early.

Next day, Sunday, May 24th, got up at 6. A. M. Glorious day. Puffs of lazy white smoke from V. Drove over (same driver that beat horses) to Torre Annunziata to take train. Leaving hotel Ernest gave me a whole handful of coppers for children & beggars. I was as happy as the beggars. Our road to station lay through flat region, little white, square Oriental houses set in fields of potatoes, onions, artichokes, tall beans, cabbage, wheat, and for trees, fig, orange & olive, with a few tall poplars here & there by road side, and clumpy, round topped cedars blotting the sky from the hill sides.

Reached station in time. Out of Naples, fields rich and orchards & vineyards good. Fine view of sinister old crater of V. In orchards noticed trees loaded with *biwa*, & other great ones red with cherries. Some of the hills had ruins. At 9.30 glimpse of gulf of Salerno, little Amalfi on rocks. For short time road by sea. E. wild over color. Milk-green & sapphire sea, with rough red foreground. Cold gray and dark green rocks. Farther on by stream woman drying and bleaching long strips of white cloth, as in Japan. At 10.30 passed Mt. Alburno. Great vales about its base—the largest and most venerable we had yet seen in Europe. 11.25 far inland—country becomes wild and scraggly—patches of yellow bloom. Stunted olive, a few sandy streams, dry hill-tops.

12. M. Have just threaded an endless succession of stuffy, smoky smelling tunnels, built above and around harsh, rocky chasms. Wild country. Some parts of road not completed. Masons at work. Young girls bringing mortar on head. Emerge on country entirely different from any other parts, treeless, grassy slopes, deserted region. 3.30 have passed

highest mountain road. Tito on top. More tunnels. At Potenza rushed into station, bought beef, bread, wine, chocolate & cheese. Ate in car. More tunnels. Same barren hills. Several shells of towns on hill-tops. Some good agricultural bits — droves of sheep — many black — picturesque shepherd. Now in *very* flat plain approaching sea — roads lined with century plants. 5 P. M.

Passed through desert area — scrub pines, tufts of dry bush, great patches of magenta-blossomed cactus — reached Taranto, inland sea — Tarantula — sheep wore clothing. Saw M. Sea. Have again plunged inland. Reached Brindisi about 6. P. M.

Italy — After — Rememberings.

Nurses with aureoles of gold beaded hat-pins.

NOTES

1. Samuel Bing (1838-1905), French connoisseur and art dealer who promoted *japonisme* by publishing *Le Japon Artistique*.
2. Erwin Scott (1892-1971), Mary Fenollosa's daughter by her second husband.
3. Lilian Whiting (1859-1942), literary editor of the *Boston Traveller*, 1880-90, editor of the *Boston Budget*, 1890-93, and author of *Boston Days* (1902).
4. Mary E. Boyce, associate editor of the *New Cycle*, the official organ of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, published in New York. The magazine was reorganized in 1896 as the *Lotos*, "a monthly magazine of literature, art, and education".
5. The section in parenthesis is written in Ernest Fenollosa's hand, suggesting his

authorship.

6. Francis Hopkinson Smith (1838-1915), American engineer, artist, writer, and lecturer. He developed his interest in art in his spare time and combined travel with sketching and painting, producing watercolors, notably a series of Venice.
7. Joseph Lindon Smith (1863-1950), American painter. Among his works were murals in Boston Public Library.